PEN AND INK COMICS

USA $2.00 [CANADA $2.50]

Wandering Star

BOOK ONE of TWELVE

Does anybody out there want to know what the hardest job in the comics biz is? No, it's not the art, nor the story. It's . . . writing the @#*!!! editorial for the first page. Siiiggghhh. The things I do to get a comic out.

Okay. First off, the back page. As most of you have already noticed, it features the photos of two missing children. This is how it's going to be with each and every book **Pen & Ink Comics** will ever publish. You see, back on Christmas '92, Mom switched the T.V. to her favorite show, **The Home Shopping Network**, only to find it off the air. In it's place was a program put on by the **Missing Children . . . HELP Center**. We sat watching face after face roll by. I said something about how I wish I could do something to help find these children, and Mom said, "Teri, I think I have an idea." Well, here it is in action. Let's hope we find some of these kids.

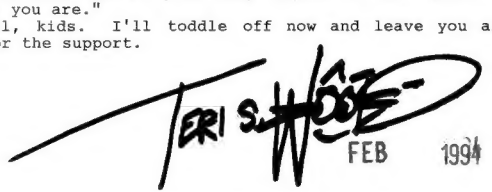
Now, just so that you all don't get the wrong idea about me, thinking I'm a wonderful, selfless person or something, let me tell you about an idea **I** had. Okay? Everybody got a pencil? Alright. The first 500 people that send me a 19¢ stamp and a letter saying, "Hi, Teri. I went into my favorite comic shop and bribed the manager with a Kit Kat candy bar to order me the next issue of "**Wandering Star.**" will get a limited edition post card. Now, I don't have time to be calling up all of these stores, checking up on you, so I'm taking your word for it, okay? See, I'm just another slobbo with gimmicks to make ya buy, buy, buy. I love it.

Let's see, I really should mention something about **Wandering Star**. Weeelll, it all began in 1988 with a really awful small press book I did. I finished two books and then got caught up creating **Rhudiprrt, the Prince of Fur** with Dwight R. Decker, for **MU Press**. Around those six books, I continued to play with ideas for **Wandering Star**. Mostly for the fun of it. I never seriously thought about actually doing it. But then, after **Rhudiprrt**, though I started a lot of projects with various people, none of them got off the ground. And, finally, looking into the slavering jaws of another comic-nil year, I decided to write, draw and publish my own comic. So, here I am with **Wandering Star**, the bimonthly, twelve issue, limited series. I hope you all think it's worth the your money.

And since there would be no **Wandering Star**, the series, if not for the constant support of my mom, Mary "Ginger" Wood, I quite happily dedicate this first issue to her. "See, Mom? It's a book now. I did it. Now stop with the nagging."

Lastly, **Wandering Star**, the entire series, is dedicated to my dad, Henry George Wood. Back in 1988, he quite happily gave away as many copies of that horrid little small press book as he could get away with when I wasn't looking. Irritated me quite a bit then, but I'd give a lot for him to be here now to give away copies of this book. "I love you Dad. Wherever you are."

Well, kids. I'll toddle off now and leave you alone. Thanks mucho for the support.



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NO SUBMISSIONS PLEASE.

MACHAVIA

AAoooW!

SORRY, MADAME.

THAT'S OKAY, HON.

GO PLAY.

LORD.

EXCUSE ME. ARE YOU CASANDRA ANDREWS?

YES,

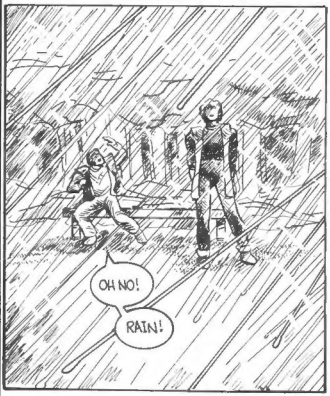
... AND YOU ARE?

I'M ALDAR.
THE ONE WHO WANTED TO WRITE ABOUT YOU AND WANDERING STAR.
I THOUGHT SO.
SIT DOWN, ALDAR.
GREAT!
LEMME JUST SET THIS.
TEST. TEST.
OKAY.
SO... THE STORY OF THE MERRY CREW OF WANDERING STAR.
SIGH.
IT'S ALL HERE. IN MY HEAD. BUT IT'S GOING TO BE STRANGE, TALKING ABOUT IT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.
I NEVER REALLY DID THAT. TALK ABOUT IT.
AFTER THE WAR, IT TOOK ALL MY TIME JUST TO PUT MY LIFE BACK TOGETHER.
I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE, THOUGH. HAVE YOU TRIED TALKING TO MADISON AT ALL?
WELL, YES.
BUT, HE WAS A BIT...
...INTIMIDATING.
heh. heh. heh.
YES. HE CAN BE THAT WHEN HE WANTS TO.
God.
MADISON.
IS HE STILL ON THAT MOUNTAIN OF HIS ON FOBE?
YES.
WHATEVER IS HE DOING THERE?
FINDING HIMSELF.
THE WAR TOOK QUITE A TOLL ON HIM.

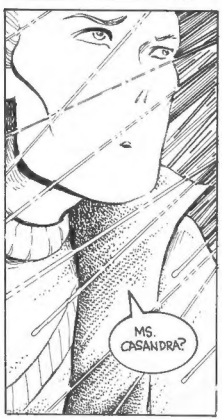
AND ON YOU, TOO, I WOULD SUPPOSE.

AAAH...
WHERE SHOULD I BEGIN?
ANYWAYS, UH... WANDERING STAR.
I SHOULD PROBABLY START WITH EARTH.

EARTH.
BEFORE THE WAR.
BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE ACADEMY.


OH NO!
RAIN!

AAK!
LOOK AT THIS!
I'M GETTING SOAKED!
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF WE WENT INSIDE SOMEWHERE?


MS. CASANDRA?

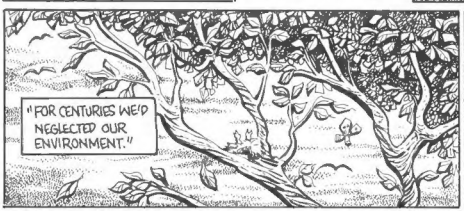
HOW YOU PEOPLE FUSS OVER A LITTLE RAIN.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA...
...ANY IDEA AT ALL, WHAT IT WOULD HAVE MEANT TO ME...
... TO MY FATHER...
... TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STAND LIKE THIS, IN THE RAIN, BACK HOME, ON EARTH?

YOUR FATHER?

YES, MY FATHER.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS OF EARTH.
IT WAS A DISASTER.


"FOR CENTURIES WE'D NEGLECTED OUR ENVIRONMENT."

"AND AFTER WORLD WAR THREE, IN THE 2070'S, WE'D PRETTY MUCH FORGOT IT ENTIRELY, IN THE MAD RUSH TO BUILD BIGGER AND BETTER WEAPONS.
"TO ENSURE THE PEACE," WE'D SAID.

"MEANWHILE, OUR AIR AND LAND WERE SLOWLY POISONED."

"AND OUR RAIN BECAME DEADLY."

SO, WE BUILT OURSELVES CITYSCAPES.
MANMADE ENVIRONMENTS...
...TO PROTECT OURSELVES FROM WHAT WE'D DONE TO OUR WORLD.

EXCUSE ME, BUT, I'M SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT. YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE!
THAT SOUNDED A LOT LIKE SOME OF THE ANTI-EARTH PROPAGANDA I USED TO HEAR WHEN I WAS A CHILD.
I SUPPOSE IT DOES.
AS MUCH AS I HATE THE PREJUDICE MY PEOPLE HAVE HAD TO FACE, I STILL CAN'T DENY WHAT WAS.
IT'S A BITTER, BITTER TRUTH.
EARTH WAS AN ECOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE. I REMEMBER, BACK AS A CHILD, HEARING OLD STORIES AND SONGS THAT MENTIONED RAINFALL.
IT SOUNDED SO MAGICAL, BUT THINGS AS THEY WERE, WE WERE TAUGHT TO FEAR IT.
AFTER I LEFT EARTH, DURING THE WAR, I GOT CAUGHT IN MY FIRST RAIN SHOWER. IT WAS A LOT LIKE THIS. SCARED ME TO DEATH.
BUT SINCE THEN, I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE LUXURY OF BEING ABLE TO STAND LIKE THIS, UNAFRAID.
EARTH.
YES. AND WE DID DO IT TO OURSELVES.
NO OFFENSE,
..BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...
...IF ANYONE OTHER THAN AN EARTH PERSON SAID THAT?
OH, YEAH.
I'D PERSONALLY SCRAMBLE THEIR MOLECULES.
I GUESS IT'S AN ATTITUDE OF, "I CAN TALK BAD OF FAMILY, BUT NOBODY ELSE BETTER."
ANYWAYS, CONSIDERING THAT, AND THE FACT THAT UP UNTIL EARTH AND THE BONO KIRO, THE GALACTIC ALLIANCE HAD NEVER ENCOUNTERED A CIVILIZATION THAT HAD NOT PUT AWAY WAR EARLY IN IT'S EVOLUTION, I CAN KIND OF UNDERSTAND THE PREJUDICE.
UNDERSTAND, NOT JUSTIFY.
WHERE YOUR PEOPLES HAD NOT GONE BEYOND GUNPOWDER AND ARROWS, WE...
...WE HAD GONE SO FAR AS TO CREATE A WEAPON CAPABLE OF WORLD WIDE DESTRUCTION WITH THE PUSH OF A SINGLE BUTTON.
STILL, THE GALACTIC ALLIANCE DID MAKE AN AGREEMENT WITH US IN 2149.
...WHEN THE BONO KIRO ATTACKED THEM WITH THEIR FLEET OF HI-TECH BATTLE CRAFT.
THEY OFFERED US MEMBERSHIP AND ECOLOGICAL AID IF WE WOULD HELP THEM FIGHT THEIR FIRST REAL WAR.
WE AGREED.
AND WE WON.
AND THE GALACTIC ALLIANCE DID...
SKIP OUT ON THEIR HALF OF THE DEAL.

BUT, MS. CASANDRA! YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO HARSH!
THERE WERE MANY FACTORS INVOLVING...
ALDAR, ALDAR, ALDAR... I'VE HEARD ALL OF THE ARGUMENTS AND I'VE SEEN WHAT ALL WAS WRITTEN IN YOUR HISTORY BOOKS.
BUT THAT HISTORY WAS WRITTEN BY THE ALLIANCE.
NOT EARTH.
I WAS BORN AFTER THE FIRST BONO KIRIAN CONFLICT...
...AND I GREW UP IN THE LONG YEARS BEFORE THE TRUE BONO KIRIAN WAR IN 2193.
I WAS THERE.
AND I'VE LIVED IN A UNIVERSE WHERE HUMANS WERE, AND STILL ARE, SECOND CLASS CITIZENS.... UNWANTED. DESPISED.
BUT SURELY THAT WAS IN THE PAST! THINGS HAVE CHANGED!
OUR MACHAVIAN LORD, MEKON DZN APROGAND, HAS FOUGHT HARD AND LONG FOR THE RIGHTS OF EARTH PEOPLE!
YES... I SUPPOSE OL' MEK HAS DONE THAT.
Whaaat?
"OL' MEK?!!!"
heh heh heh! FORGIVE ME.
I KNOW HOW YOU MACHAVIANS FEEL ABOUT YOUR LEADERS, AND THAT WASN'T VERY... RESPECTFUL....
...BUT, TRUST ME. I CAN CALL HIM THAT...
HE USED TO CALL ME MUCH WORSE.

BUT, ANYWAY, IN ALL HONESTY...
...I ADMIT THAT THINGS ARE CHANGING.
AND PERHAPS MY CHILDREN OR MY GRANDCHILDREN WILL REAP THE FRUITS OF ALL THAT.
BUT, I FEAR...
...THAT FOR ME...
...I WILL NEVER FEEL TRULY AT HOME ANYWHERE BUT BACK ON EARTH.
BUT YOU'RE HERE TO HEAR MY STORY. I WANTED TO BEGIN WITH EARTH. I REMEMBER BEST, THE NIGHT BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE ACADEMY. THE GALACTIC ACADEMY.
THE GALACTIC ALLIANCE'S OFFICIAL SCHOOL FOR THE CHILDREN OF IT'S MEMBER PLANET'S HIGH OFFICIALS.
IT WAS DECEMBER 2192.
SOME FORTY YEARS AFTER THE EARTH-ALLIANCE AGREEMENT.
AND ONLY NOW HAD THEY MADE THE CONCESSION TO ALLOW AN EARTH OFFICIAL TO SEND HIS CHILD...
"ME."

AT THE TIME WE LIVED IN THE GRAND MANSION. IT HAD BEEN HOME TO ALL OF EARTH'S PRESIDENTS AND EVEN THE LAST FEW AMERICAN ONES.

IT LOOKED SO QUAINT AND CHARMING, SURROUNDED BY THE HI-TECH THAT WAS THE CITYSCAPE OF COURAGEOUS

MY FATHER HAD BEEN UP IN HIS OFFICE, WORKING, MOST OF THAT DAY.

CITYSCAPE VICTORIA HAS SUFFERED SEVERE RAIN DAMAGE.

THEY'RE ASKING FOR DISASTER STATUS.

LORD...

YES, YES! GO AHEAD!

WHAT A MESS. I HATE WINTER.

SAMUAL...

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED WHAT WE DISCUSSED...?

LINDA... I JUST DON'T KNOW.

REALLY, HOW CAN WE EVEN THINK...?

HELLO THERE!

HI, MS. COMBS.

OH!

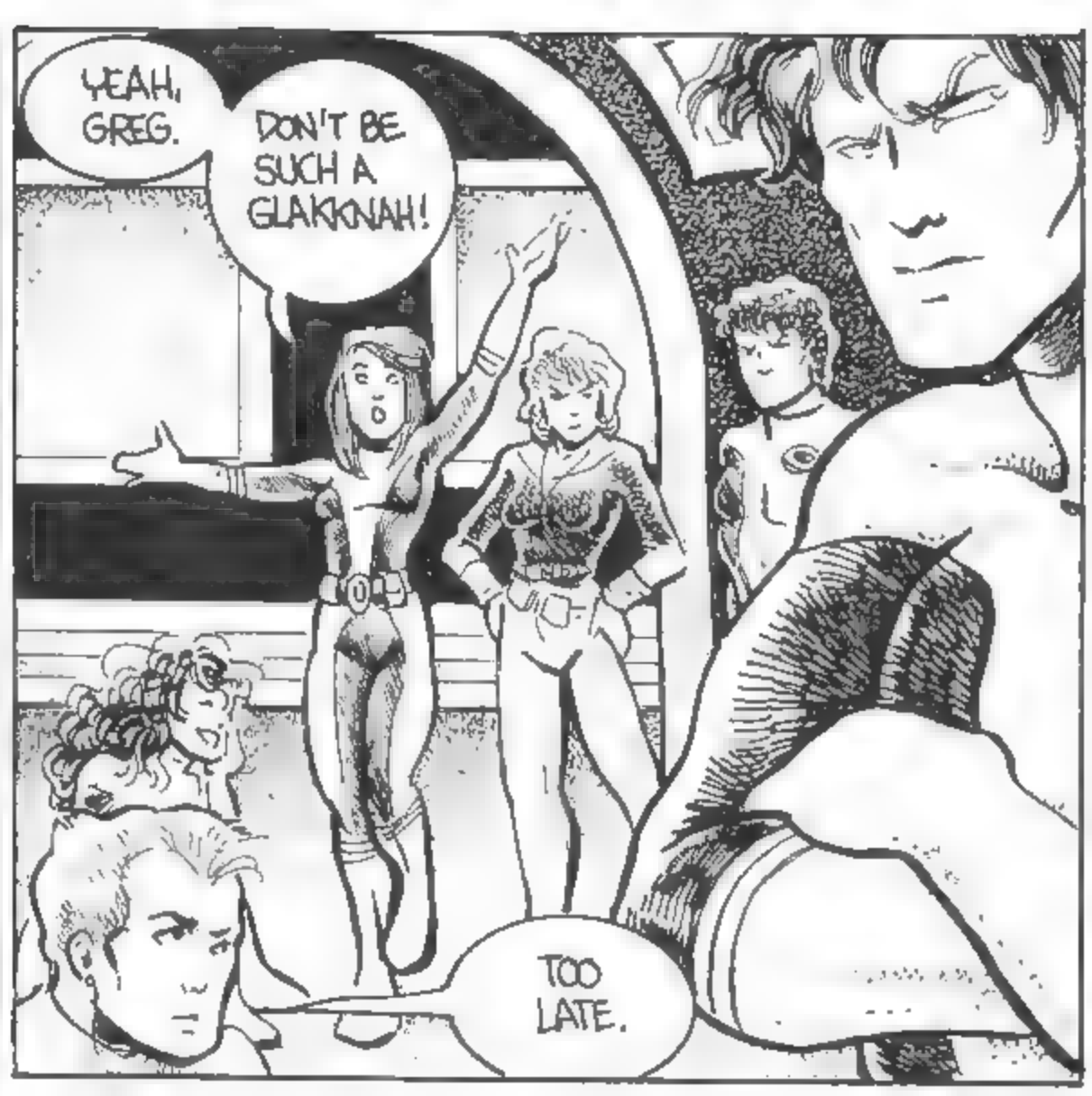
CASANDRA!

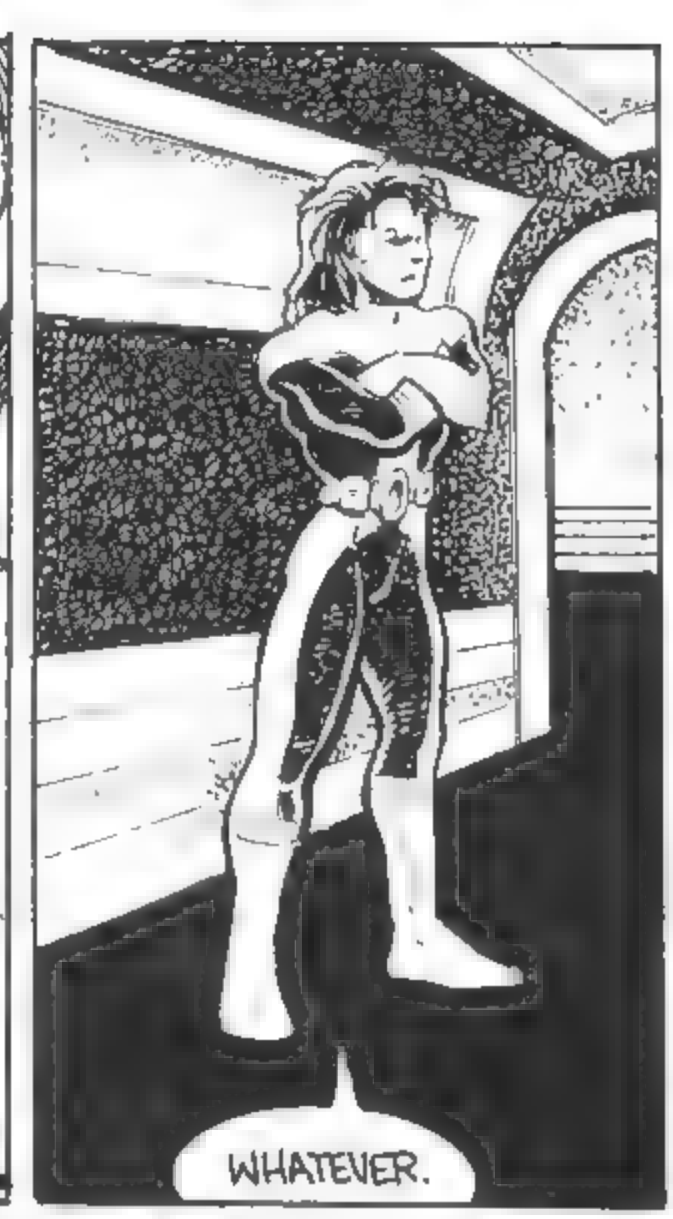
CAN I HELP YOU, HONEY?

I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW I'M GOING TO GO DOWNTOWN
I WANTED TO SAY "GOOD-BYE" TO MY GROUP BEFORE I LEAVE
AND I HAVE TO GIVE DAVID HIS LEADERSHIP INSIGNIA.
CERTAINLY, HONEY. AND CONVEY MY CONGRATULATIONS TO DAVID ON HIS PROMOTION TO SQUAD LEADER.
I'M SURE HE'LL DO A GOOD JOB.
SURE, DAD.
HE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT.
HE'S KINDA NERVOUS ABOUT IT.
MM.
OH! AND CAST.
DON'T STAY OUT TOO LATE.
YOU HAVE AN EARLY SHUTTLE TOMORROW
SURE, DAD.
BYE, MS. COMBS.

IN MY EARLY TEENS I HAD JOINED THE JUNIOR SECURITY UNIT. THERE WERE SQUADS ALL OVER THE CITY. OUR JOBS WERE TO SPOT AND REPORT CRIME.
AS THINGS WERE NOT ALWAYS THAT EASY, WE DID SPEND TWO NIGHTS A WEEK STUDYING SELF-DEFENSE AND TACTICAL MANEUVERS.
I HAD BEEN LEADER OF OUR SQUAD FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS, BUT, NOW THAT I WAS OFF TO THE ACADEMY, DAVID SANDERS WAS TAKING MY PLACE.
RIGHT. SURE.
DEFROST, GREG!
THERE YOU GO, DAVID!
YOU ARE NOW, OFFICIALLY...
...SQUAD LEADER!
JEEZ, CAST...
...IT'S REAL NOW, ISN'T IT?
OH, HUSH, DAVID!
YOU'LL DO GREAT!

SIGH.
I'M GOING TO REALLY MISS YOU GUYS WHEN I'M AT THE ACADEMY.
HEY, CASI.
JOEY'S LEAVING TOO
REALLY?
KAVLIN'S RIGHT.
JOEY GOT A JOB ON A MINING MOON OFF MACHAVLA.
YEAH. SHE'S RIGHT.
JOEY'S A TRAITOR.
GREG!
YEAH, GREG! LAY OFF ALREADY.
LOOK!
HOW ARE THINGS EVER GOING TO GET BETTER ON EARTH...
...IF EVERYBODY JUMPS PLANET EVERY CHANCE THEY GET?





GREG, YOU ARE SUCH A *P-I-T-A*! THIS IS CASI'S LAST DAY! AND JOEY'S ONLY GOING TO BE HERE TWO MORE WEEKS!

ARE YOU GOING TO RUIN WHAT LITTLE TIME WE HAVE LEFT, WITH FRIENDS WE'VE HAD FOR YEARS, JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE WHY ONE OF THEM IS LEAVING?

SHUT UP.

SURE.

OKAY.

I'LL SHUT UP.

FINE.

THANK GOD.

HEY! GUESS WHAT?
THAT PSYCHIC GUY... YOU KNOW, WHAT'S HIS NAME?
HE'S GOING TO BE AT CASI'S SCHOOL! THE GALACTIC ACADEMY.
WHAT?
YEAH. I HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
YEAH, WELL, HE'S AT THE ACADEMY.
THEY HAVE SOME LAB SET-UP THERE AND THEY'RE GONNA STUDY HIM.
PSYCHIC GUY?
GALACTIC ALLIANCE PROPAGANDA.
GREG...
...SO HELP ME. IF YOU DON'T BE STILL.
HMPH!
HEY, WASN'T HE ON TELEVISION A WHILE BACK? HE'S LIKE, BLIND OR SOMETHING, AND HE CAN HEAL PEOPLE?
YEAH, THAT'S THE GUY.
BUT NOT HIMSELF. REAL SAD.
AND HE'S AT CASI'S NEW SCHOOL. WONDER-FUN, HUH?
I DON'T KNOW, I THINK THAT STUFF'S KINDA CREEPY.
OH, NO! KAYLIN! IT'S JUST... DIFFERENT.
HEY, CASI! IF YOU SEE HIM, GET ME HIS AUTOGRAPH!
EXCUSE ME...
...WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
OH, CASI!
YOU HAVE TO HAVE HEARD ABOUT HIM!
THAT PSYCHIC GUY!
UM...
CRACKERS!
WHAT WAS HIS NAME...?
AH...
IT'LL COME TO ME.
BUT, ANYWAY!
HE'S GOING TO BE AT YOUR SCHOOL!
MAYBE YOU'LL GET TO SEE HIM!

MADISON!

WHAT?
YEAH!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S RIGHT!
MADISON!
WHAT?

THAT'S HIS NAME.
MADISON.
THE PSYCHIC GUY.

MADISON, THE PSYCHIC GUY.
SOUNDS LIKE A COMIC BOOK!

BUT CASI!
IT'S TRUE!
I SAW IT ON T.V.!

I'M SURE, MARIE.
AND IF I SEE HIM, I'LL TRY TO GET HIS AUTOGRAPH.

THIS PSYCHIC STUFF IS JUST TOO WEIRD. WHAT IF HE CAN READ YOUR MIND?
I'D HATE THAT
WE COULD LET HIM READ... GREG'S MIND!
HEY!
OH, NO, MARIE!
I WOULDN'T WISH THAT ON ANYONE!
DAVID!
HEY, CASI.
WHAT SAY I GO TO THE ACADEMY...
...AND YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THE KIDS?
NO WAY, DAVID, MY LOVE.
I'M RUNNING WHILE THE RUNNING'S GOOD!
HMPH!

HOW I LOVED THOSE GUYS.

I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT, THOSE WERE THE BEST TIMES OF MY LIFE.

I USED TO BE SO DRAMATIC, EVERY LITTLE PROBLEM WAS A MAJOR CATASTROPHE.

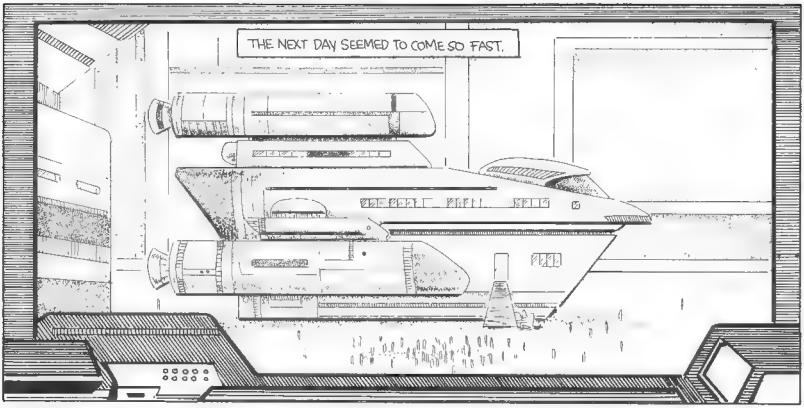
I GUESS THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS WITH TEEN-AGERS.

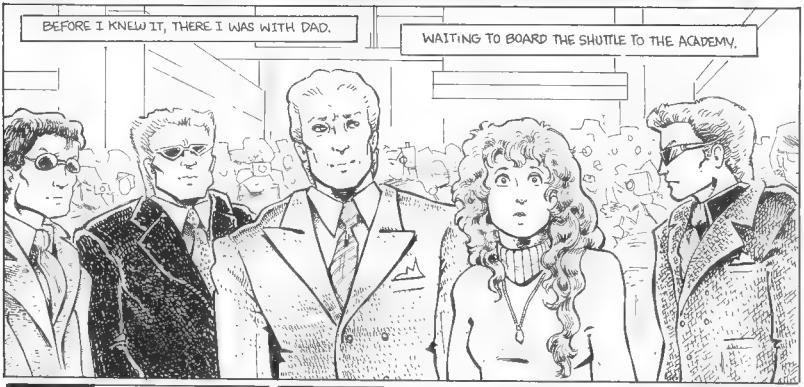
IF ONLY I'D KNOWN IT THEN.

HOW PRECIOUS THOSE MOMENTS WERE.

TAKEN THE TIME TO CHERISH THEM.

INSTEAD OF WASTING SO MUCH TIME FUSSING OVER EVERY LITTLE NOTHING.


THE NEXT DAY SEEMED TO COME SO FAST.

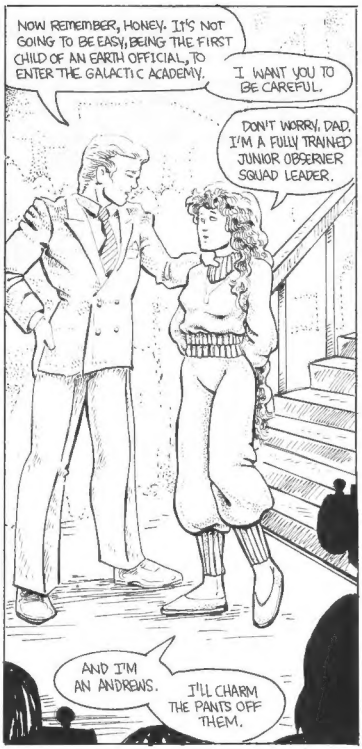

BEFORE I KNEW IT, THERE I WAS WITH DAD.
WAITING TO BOARD THE SHUTTLE TO THE ACADEMY.

ARE YOU READY, HONEY?
YEAH.

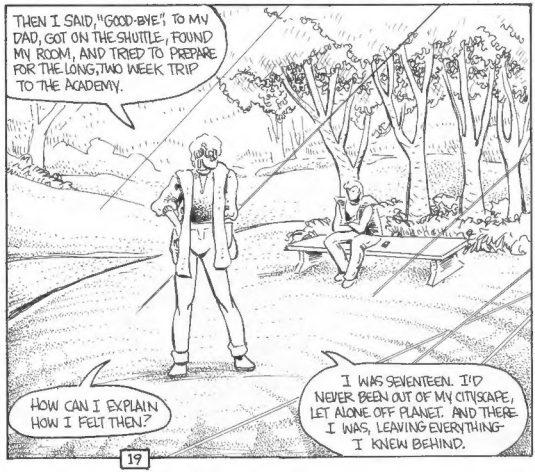
DO YOU HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED?
YEAH.

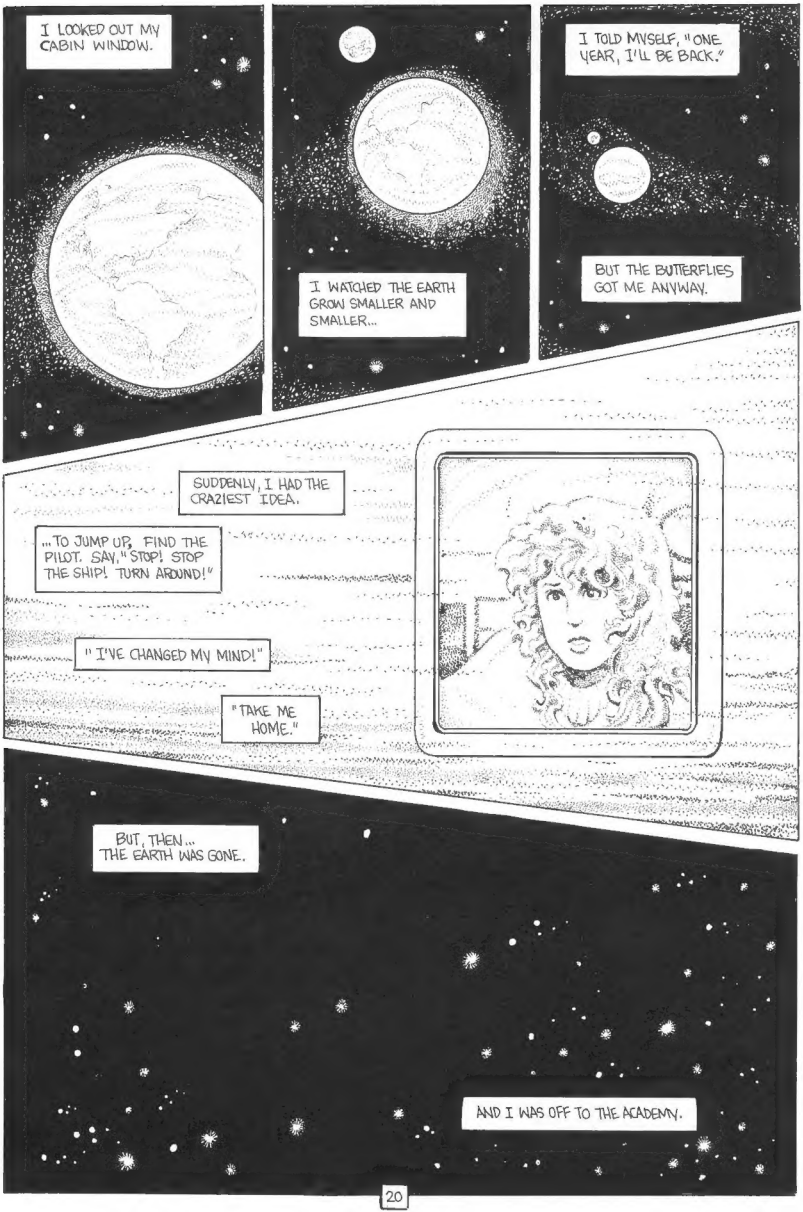
NERVOUS?
LOTS.

OH, DAD!
I'M GONNA MISS YOU!


NOW REMEMBER, HONEY. IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY, BEING THE FIRST CHILD OF AN EARTH OFFICIAL, TO ENTER THE GALACTIC ACADEMY.
I WANT YOU TO BE CAREFUL.
DON'T WORRY, DAD. I'M A FULLY TRAINED JUNIOR OBSERVER SQUAD LEADER.
AND I'M AN ANDREWS.
I'LL CHARM THE PANTS OFF THEM.

Heh.
I'M SURE THAT YOU WILL, HONEY.


THEN I SAID, "GOOD-BYE", TO MY DAD, GOT ON THE SHUTTLE, FOUND MY ROOM, AND TRIED TO PREPARE FOR THE LONG, TWO WEEK TRIP TO THE ACADEMY.
HOW CAN I EXPLAIN HOW I FELT THEN?
I WAS SEVENTEEN. I'D NEVER BEEN OUT OF MY CITYSCAPE, LET ALONE OFF PLANET. AND THERE I WAS, LEAVING EVERYTHING- I KNEW BEHIND.


I LOOKED OUT MY CABIN WINDOW.
I WATCHED THE EARTH GROW SMALLER AND SMALLER...
I TOLD MYSELF, "ONE YEAR, I'LL BE BACK."
BUT THE BUTTERFLIES GOT ME ANYWAY.
SUDDENLY, I HAD THE CRAZIEST IDEA.
...TO JUMP UP, FIND THE PILOT. SAY, "STOP! STOP THE SHIP! TURN AROUND!"
"I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!"
"TAKE ME HOME."
BUT, THEN... THE EARTH WAS GONE.
AND I WAS OFF TO THE ACADEMY.

Missing Children HELP Center

410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400 • Tampa, Florida 33619 • (813) 623-KIDS • 1-800-USA-KIDS (Nationwide)

NAME: SUSAN ROBIN BENDER
D.O.B.: November 27, 1970
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 130#
I.D. MARKS:

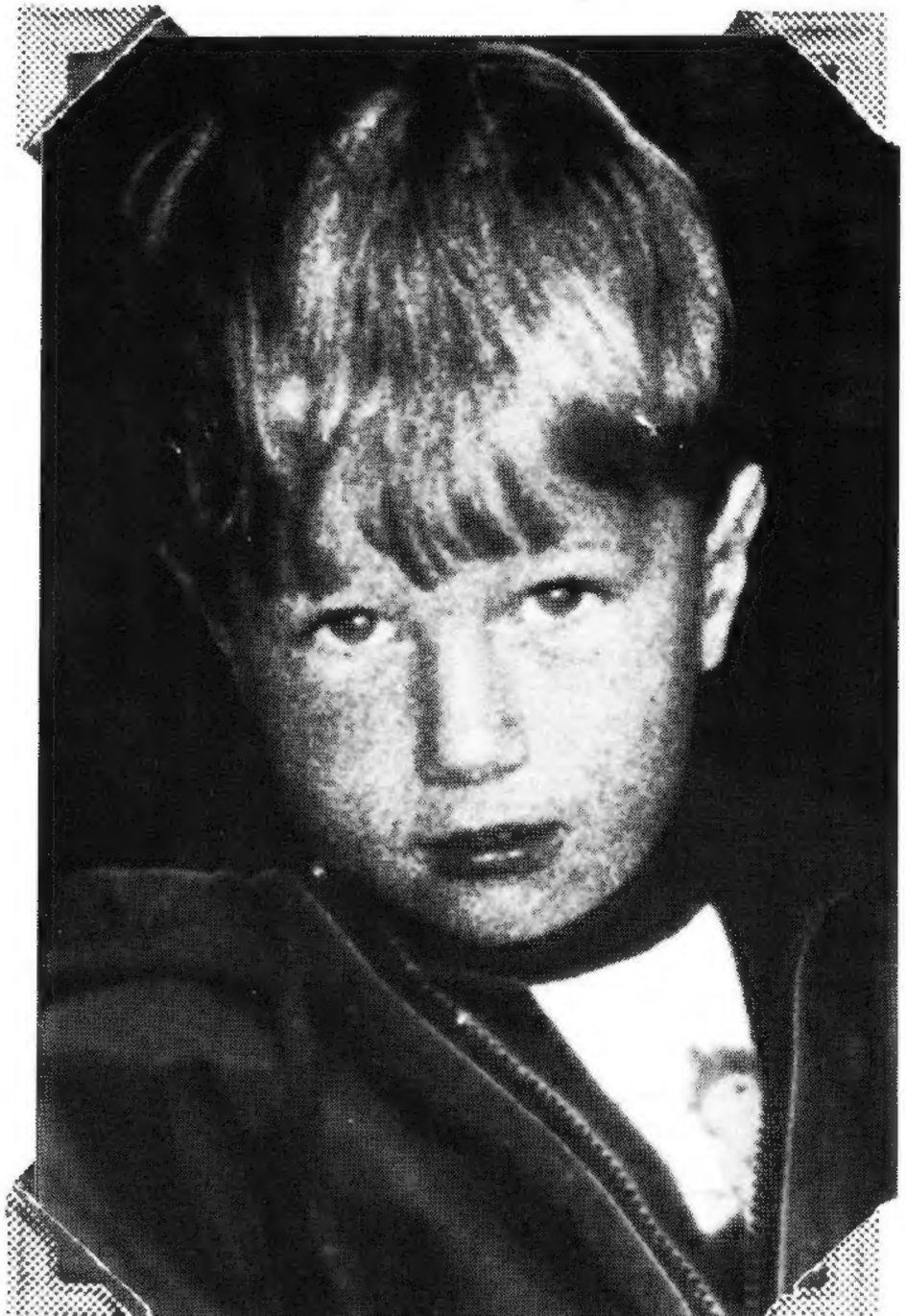
EYE COLOR: Brown HAIR: Black/Long/Wavey
DATE MISSING: April 25, 1986
MISSING FROM: Modesto, California
REPORT TYPE: Missing/Endangered
L.E.A.: Modesto Police Department
Modesto, CA PHONE: (209)572-9537

DETAILS OF DISAPPEARANCE: Susan was last seen waiting for a Greyhound Bus at the Greyhound Bus Depot in Modesto, California; however, Susan did not board the bus, instead she was seen getting into a green van that was parked in front of the bus station. Susan has not been seen or heard from since that time. (4/25/86). When last seen Susan was wearing a light blue skirt with multi-colored dots, a light-colored blouse and white vest. Any person having any information regarding the disappearance of Susan Robin Bender, or knowledge of her possible whereabouts, is asked to PLEASE contact the Modesto Police Department, Modesto, California, or the Missing Children...HELP Center.

NOTE: M-204183911

Missing Children HELP Center

410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400 • Tampa, Florida 33619 • (813) 623-KIDS • 1-800-USA-KIDS (Nationwide)



NAME: MICHAEL W. DUNAHEE
D.O.B.: May 12, 1986
HEIGHT: 3'0" WEIGHT: 35#
I.D. MARKS: None

EYE COLOR: Blue HAIR: Blond/Straight/Short
DATE MISSING: March 24, 1991
MISSING FROM: Victoria, British Columbia, Canada
REPORT TYPE: Criminal Abduction
L.E.A.: Victoria Police Departmnet
Victoria, BC PHONE: (604)384-4111

DETAILS OF DISAPPEARANCE: Michael was with his family and friends at a neighborhood park. While the adults were involved in a game of football, the children played together. Sometime during that day, (3/24/91), Michael was abducted. A massive search produced no clues as to Michael's whereabouts. Several tips indicate that Michael may have been taken into the United States, possibly to the State of New Jersey. When last seen Michael was wearing a blue, hooded jacket with red lining and red cuffs; T-shirt with four Mutant Ninja Turtles on the front, multi-colored rugby pants, blue sneakers and Mutant Ninja Turtle underpants. Any person having any information regarding the disappearance of Michael W. Dunahee, or knowledge of his possible whereabouts, is asked to PLEASE contact the Victoria Police Department, Victoria, British Columbia, or the Missing Children...HELP Center.

NOTE: Case #91-10349